

## The Times-Dispatch

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SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1910.

### CANONIZING CRIMINALS.

Eddie Fay and Dick Harris have left Richmond, and if nothing happens they will soon be behind the bars of the Federal prison at Atlanta. As they are now out of the jurisdiction of the local Federal court and out of the keeping of the Henrico Jailers, they may be said to have passed off the scene and may with reason be dismissed from the public mind. The papers will carry no more stories of them; the police will breathe easy; the men will soon be forgotten by nine-tenths of our people.

Both deserve all the punishment they were given. They are dangerous men, and doubly dangerous in that they are suave, cunning and intelligent. They represent the worst possible element of society—criminals who hesitate at nothing and to whom human life is a trifle in the execution of a "job." Burglary is their livelihood, and thieving on an enormous scale the method by which they manage to live sumptuously. Had the court been empowered to give them life imprisonment they would have had no more than their deserts, and society would have had the assurance that two deep-dyed criminals were out of the way forever.

In the circumstances, both these men should be held up as a warning and should be regarded as what every boy should strive not to be. As a matter of fact, they left Richmond canonized and admired by half the juvenile population of the city. The boys who thronged about the courtroom when the trial was in progress, and the motley mob which watched their every move about the city, on their way to prison, had more respect for Fay and Harris than for the law which they violated for the men who captured them. It is not too much to say that many a stripling of the streets who watched the impassive criminals yanked to have their reputation for daring, coolness and bravery.

The newspapers must print the stories of such men as these men. It is legitimate news and it is information which the public demands; but in doing this the newspapers should always avoid lauding the daring, the bravery or the ability of the men. Society is served when the dismal truth of the vengeance of the law is told in simple form; but society is damaged and hundreds of young hearts are inflamed with lawlessness when the papers carry sensational, thrilling stories which parade criminals as enviable characters and hold up cracksmen as the flower of manhood.

### REWARDING A MURDER.

There are probably 7,000 bills on the calendar of the present Congress—bills of all sorts, good, bad and indifferent. Some of them ought to be made law, some of them ought to be forgotten as soon as possible; others ought to be discussed a long time before the men who pass on them decide they are worth printing in the Statutes at Large.

One bill on the schedule, however, has as much merit back of it as any measure can have, and carries with it one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of American science. This is a bill which was reported favorably on Wednesday by the Senate Pension Committee, and which authorizes the payment of a monthly pension of \$125 to John R. Kissinger.

When the Americans went to Cuba in 1895 to begin the unjust war against Spain they found the island pest-ridden. Yellow fever stalked in every camp; malaria swept every village. As a result, more men died from the fever than from all the bullets fired by all the Spaniards in the island, and our military camps became hospitals. There seemed to be no way of overcoming yellow fever. The military surgeons were helpless. Sanitary science could do nothing. The soldiers had to suffer.

The war was over before the President, at the request of Dr. William H. Welsh, the great pathologist, sent a commission to Cuba to study the pest. This commission was headed by Walter Reed, a Virginian, who went vigorously to work. Dr. Reed reached the conclusion that yellow fever was carried from one person to another by a mosquito which flourished in certain sections of Cuba. It became necessary to tell the truth of their theories, and consequently Reed called for volunteers who would submit to inoculation by the mosquitoes. Kissinger was one of these men, and in a little camp near Havana he allowed himself to be bitten by the yellow-fever mosquito, taken from a room in a nearby town where a man had died of the fever. Kissinger developed the fever in its most violent form, and almost lost his life. His illness proved the case; Dr. Reed was right in his theory as to the transmission of the disease by the mosquito.

Cuba was cleaned up from coast to mountains as a result of the discovery. The mosquitoes were killed off; new

methods of treating the disease were discovered; Havana was rid of the pest; so was Santiago. In a few years the same discoveries, tested in Panama, freed the Canal Zone of fever for the first time in centuries, and made possible the building of the canal. Reed and Carroll, the men who planned the work, received their reward, though belated. Kissinger, the man who stood the test, was forgotten.

A year or two ago Dr. Howard A. Kelley, the gynecologist, located Kissinger in a town of the Middle West. His health was broken as a result of the fever; he was an invalid; his wife made a scanty living for the family by taking in wash. The Government had done nothing for him in his distress, and the present bill is the first presented for his relief. It should pass if there be such a thing as true humanity. Kissinger is a martyr, by whose courage science set forward its clocks and began a new era. A pension cannot restore him to health or recompense him for his suffering, but the living proposed for him by Congress would at least show that the government knows a man when it sees one and is not without gratitude for one who risked his life for his fellowmen.

### SUPPORT THE CLUB.

The Wednesday Club is offering the best program of its long history for the concert next week. There are more artists and better artists than at any previous festival. There is a larger orchestra and a better orchestra than has ever accompanied the chorus. The auditorium is more comfortable than it has ever been, and the chorus is better trained and better balanced than ever before. This means that the Spring Festival should be the best yet offered by the Wednesday Club and the best the city has ever had.

It will be the best, the most successful and the most beneficial to the city, if the people will really give the concert the support they deserve. Richmond has never done its whole duty by the Wednesday Club. It has been forced to drag on from year to year, barely making ends meet and often dependent for its existence on the support of a handful of liberal men. This cannot continue indefinitely. The club must either be assured permanent and lasting financial support, or it will die, and Richmond will lose the only organization it has, with the exception of the city orchestra, that is calculated to educate the people in good music. The club can never be all that its members want it to be until it is liberally endowed, but as this is hardly practicable at present, the club's only security is in patronage which will meet all its expenses and leave something for a sinking fund.

Good music always leads to better, and good music festivals always make a really musical city. Spartanburg, South Carolina, is a case in point. Ten years ago, or thereabouts, the town was about like the rest of Southern cities. A few more or less eclipsed stars came there once in a while and gave concerts which but few people attended. Cheap opera companies drifted in occasionally, screamed through "Carmen" or "Faust," picked up what money they could and took the next local for a nearby town. There were some people in Spartanburg who knew good music, and they determined to have it. They went to work, raised a guarantee fund, and had a real musical festival, with fine singers and an excellent orchestra. The promoters lost money and a lot of it, but they had another festival the next year, came out about even, and made more ambitious plans for the future. The people began to appreciate the efforts that were being made, and they rallied to the support of the promoters. They bought out the houses for every concert at the next festival, and made possible perhaps the greatest musical celebration that section of the country had ever seen. Now Spartanburg is considered one of the most musical cities in the South, and is an objective point for every artist who really wants to have an appreciative audience.

Richmond can do what Spartanburg has done, and the Wednesday Club is the organization that can do it. It is up to the people. If they want good music they can have it. If they will support the Wednesday Club they can get better music every year and more of it.

### BIG AND STILL BIGGER.

The Cunard Steamship Company has decided to add another 50,000-ton liner to its fleet and to give a sister ship to the Lusitania and the Mauretania. These two vessels have proved so popular and so profitable to the owners that the third ship is to be pushed as rapidly as possible and is to be given a regular place on the schedule of the company.

This justifies the experiment made in building the Lusitania and points out the direction of further developments in marine transportation. The transatlantic liner of the future is not to be a freight boat nor a tramp, but a gigantic combined freight and passenger steamer, large enough to make the passenger service profitable and with vast holds for cargo below. The regular freighter will probably become obsolete, if the opinion of the Cunard directors be correct.

As every announcement of a new liner tells of an increase in its tonnage, one may wonder where the thing will stop. As the ocean steamers get bigger and still bigger, the average landlubber cannot but ask himself what the biggest liner will appear and what it will be like when it does appear. Theoretically at least, there is practically no limit to the size of a vessel. As long as there is space below for engines, and as long as there is enough cargo room left after storing coal for the voyage, the naval ar-

chitects say the ships can be enlarged indefinitely. There is a gain to safety with every increase in size and a probable gain in speed as the engines are made proportionately more powerful. There is, on the other hand, no good reason why the liners should not be made as large as science can design them.

It seems probable that within the next twenty years there will be ocean liners 500 feet in length, at which the Rip Van Winkles of the present age may wonder. Unless the airship comes in to dispute with the liner the carriage of the world's freight and passengers, the traveler who embarks on a great liner may have the cheerful assurance that he will not be very far from land at either end of the boat, even in midocean.

### TAKE THE FENCE DOWN.

The Capitol Square was never more beautiful than at present. The result of last year's returning is seen in a splendid set of grass, and the wise changes in the location of the various walks appear all the more successful since the green has returned and the terrace about the Capitol is verdant. In addition, the young trees planted on Arbor Day fit in well with the surroundings and give promise of great beauty in the near future.

There is only one thing lacking to complete the renovations of recent years, and that one thing is to remove the unsightly old fence about the square. Of course, there is a certain sentiment connected with the long iron fences and spears which surround the park. They have been there for many years, and have become familiar to all residents of Richmond. As a matter of fact, they give the square a courtyard appearance, and seem to cut off its inviting green from the street. If they were taken down and the grass plots turfed to the pavement, the square would be more open and more attractive to all passers-by. It need not be argued that the removal of the fence would menace the lives of the squirrels. No more dogs could come in from all sides than now enter from the walkways, and besides, the squirrels seem rather to like the occasional excitement of a chase.

### HOW ABOUT GOOD ROADS?

There is distressingly little about the good roads campaign in the papers of the State. About this time last year almost every weekly paper in the Commonwealth was carrying an editorial article or a news story in every issue—arguing the advantages of good roads, pointing out how they might be had, and calling on the people of the country to take advantage of the highway to progress. Good roads meetings were being held every where; enthusiasm was at a high pitch; those who were working to abolish the mud tax were encouraged to hope that the millennium of good roads was at hand. All of this is changed, and the few papers which are still preaching the gospel of good roads are voices in the wilderness.

It is hard to account for this silence. Our people are not the kind to begin a fight, push it hard for a season, and then drop it. All that has been gained in Virginia, for education, for better government, for progress, has come, not from a short, decisive campaign, but from steady and consistent agitation, extending over long periods of time. The good roads fight was being won in the same way.

In the circumstances it hardly seems probable that our people are beginning to doubt the wisdom of good roads. They certainly have no reason for doing so. Every county which has issued bonds or levied special taxes to secure State aid is thanking the day it ever thought of the plan, and every farmer who is traveling over smooth roads to a good market is convinced that good roads pay. Nor is it probable that the failure of the Assembly to grant the usual amount for State aid is responsible for the temporary collapse of the campaign. There may not be enough money to build many roads, but there is enough to keep the good work up, and this money is at the disposal of the counties whenever they are ready to call for it.

The probable explanation of the general silence is that nobody has started the agitation this spring. Our people are merely waiting for somebody to remind them that there is much work to be done, and then they will proceed to do it. If the papers get together and begin the agitation in all the counties of the State, it is almost certain that the "good roads fever" will appear again and that the people will be seized with it.

If such be the true reason for the silence of the press and for the apparent indifference of the people, it is time for the friends of good roads to start the ball rolling. The spring rains are about over; the rough weather is certainly passed; the mud is beginning to dry on the darkest, most miry stretch of woodland road in Virginia. The roads teams should soon be brought out, and the advocates of better highways should begin to assemble. In two months it will be too late to begin a successful campaign.

The cause is too great and too vital to Virginia to be abandoned. Along better roads is the great agricultural future of this State, and along better roads every farmer can move to progress and affluence. If the work be taken up zealously and pushed consistently, we can take Virginia out of the mud and put her on the macadam of prosperity. It is time to start.

### THE OTHERS ARE LIKE UNTO THESE.

One of the Republican leaders of Rhode Island has written a formal letter of regret at the retirement of Senator Aldrich, in which he reviews the services of the Senate Boss and expresses his sense of what his party will lose when Aldrich leaves public life. He concludes with the hope that the man who succeeds Senator Aldrich

will be like him and will carry out the policy laid down by the present Senator.

This is a searchlight on Republicanism, and a broadside of Aldrichism in the State that gave it birth. It is not only an approval of Aldrich, but a eulogy of the policies for which he stood, and as such it ought to be factually disposed of the idea that Aldrich is worse than the rest of the party to which he belongs. The truth of the matter is that Senatorial Republicanism and Aldrichism are one. The Senator is what he is because the Republican machine makes him possible and upholds him. He holds the place he has because he has more sense and more ability than any of his Republican colleagues. We have no particular prejudice for or against Senator Aldrich; we believe in giving him his due, as the shrewdest of his lot—the one whose very ability to lead has made him the sponsor of his party and the victim of his party's errors.

### MEAT AND ITS MORAL.

Now and then in the face of the high cost of living investigation, over which Senator Lodge presides as ringmaster, there is a glint of intelligence or a glimmer of common sense. These are few and far between, because nobody takes the investigation very seriously or tries to throw any real light on the things the committee is pretending to solve. Senator Johnston, of Alabama, broke the comedy the other day, however, when Lodge was pleading for \$55,000 with which to carry on the investigation. Johnston stated that he had authentic information that a movement was on foot in New York to import beef from Australia, in an effort to reduce the present cost of meat.

The Senator went on to explain that by some strange error the meat schedule of the Aldrich abomination was not high enough to keep out the cheapest of foreign beef. It was possible, he said, for an importer to get the meat on the New York market for 6 cents the pound less than is now demanded by the beef barons.

As nobody disputed the accuracy of Senator Johnston's figures, his statement of the case must be accepted as true, and a shameful case it is. Under the existing tariff the duty on meat is so adjusted that the shoe manufacturers, the hide dealers, the tallow merchants, the packers and everybody else who handles beef products are protected. This, of course, allows the beef men to screw up their prices to the margin of the market and to sell beef just as such a figure as will keep off foreign beef. During the last year, however, owing to the shortage in beef, they have gone beyond this point and are charging the consumer the cost of the meat, the full amount of the protection and at least 6 cents additional profit.

This is but another instance of how the tariff works to the disadvantage of the poor man. If meat can be brought in for 6 cents the pound less than it brings on the local market with the tariff, it could be brought in still cheaper without the tariff. The great plains of Argentina could be called on to supply the needs of our market and could bring cattle to New York for perhaps 5 cents the pound less than it is now sold for. The packers would then have to give up their extra profit and accommodate themselves to the international price of meat, or would have to go out of business.

Tariff revision will not solve the whole cost of living problem, but it will certainly aid most materially in solving the meat question. As tariff revision will never be accomplished under a Republican Congress, the only way to solve the question will be to put the Republicans out of office and put the honest friends of revision in power. This will bring results, and this is the moral of the story.

Old Joe Cannon must know he is slated for the axe, else he would not be so daring in his attacks upon Insurgents, all and singular. No man fights like the man who sees his finish.

Something is certainly wrong with the Colonel. He only denied one story printed about him yesterday, and did not call a single man a liar.

Was it envy of Richmond which made robbers in Moscow try to outdo this town and get away with a half million dollars of booty?

A New York policeman had the fight of his life Thursday when he tried to arrest a woman selling fruit on the street in New York. She slapped his jaws as an opener, and then, when he had taken her into a store, she stirred up a young riot. Her husband led a crowd of hysterical women to the rescue, liberated his spouse, and then beat the policeman almost to death. Of course, the officer will be up before his board for cowardice. If he loses his place, he should be recommended to the London police. Experience of this sort ought to be valuable in dealing with the militant London sisters.

Will not the joke be at Atlanta if, after Fay and Harris get to that town, they break jail?

An officer of the Norfolk street cleaning department is on trial for improper conduct in the discharge of his duties. They ought to be lenient with him, for cleaning the Norfolk streets is punishment enough for a man.

The two highest priced cuts of beef on the New York market have gone down; but not to let there be any mistaken ideas as to its philanthropy, the trust has raised prices on all the cuts the poor man eats.

Old potatoes are falling in price, and the world is rejoicing, forgetting, of course, that no one wants them when the new bivalves can soon be had from the pleasant glades of old Hanover.

## TAKES TITLE FROM RICHMOND CASTLE

Duke Presents Majestic Ruin to State for Preservation.

Early Marriage Will Connect Opposite Ends of Peersage.

### BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

Most people imagine that the Duke of Richmond takes his title from Richmond on the Thames, one of the most charming suburbs of London, and for centuries a royal residence. This is not the case. The Richmond from which the duke takes his title is Richmond Castle, in Yorkshire, and which has just been presented by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon to the state for preservation as a national memorial. It is one of those grand old strongholds of medieval times, covering more than five acres of ground, and perched on a rock overlooking the Swale, indeed, the view from the battlements down the picturesquely wooded Valley of the Swale to the most beautiful in England. The splendid hall and keep, dating from the Norman era, are still in a fair state of preservation, and are quite as fine as anything at the Tower of London. Among its early owners was that grand old Breton Crusader, Jean Nord de Bretagne, who, after his marriage to the daughter of his favorite sister, Princess Beatrice, was created Earl of Richmond. This princess and her husband shared in the Edwardian wars, and the latter was so narrowly escaped death by means of a poisoned dagger. An old local song still lives around Richmond, and tells of its Breton lords, how

"Each came out of Brittany, With his wife, Tiffany, And his dog, Hardigras."

The name Tiffany is, of course, the English corruption of the Breton name Tiphaine, so familiar to that of the Breton wife of Du Guesclin. There have been several dukedoms of Richmond, taking their title from Richmond Castle, and Henry VII., Richard III., and Henry VIII. were all dukes of Richmond before his accession to the throne. After him, a son of Henry VIII. was Duke of Richmond. He was created Duke of Richmond by his father, who was devoted to him. But he died when barely eighteen years of age, after a short reign. His father, Henry VIII., seems to have retained this dukedom, and it was his son, Lord Surrey, who had taken an undue advantage of the fact that he had confided the duke to his care, and this was the reason why some time afterwards he sent Lord Surrey, so famous as a statesman, a warrior and a poet, to the scaffold, on the right pretext of his assuming the title of the hereditary bearings of Edward the Confessor, a quartering which he had a right, and which his family, the Howards, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, use to-day.

Then there was that fourth Duke of Lennox who was created Duke of Richmond by his father, who was so chivalrous in his devotion to that ill-fated monarch, paying his last duty to the King by placing him in his tomb at Windsor. The Duke is one of the most conspicuous figures on that well-known painting representing the funeral of Charles I. and the death of King Charles I. in a blinding snow storm and covered with a fall of snow. This dukedom of Richmond, however, was not created by the death of the Duke of Lennox and the third Duke of Richmond of this creation, but by the death of Charles I. It bestowed both dukedoms upon his natural son by his lovely Breton favorite, Louise de Querouailles, Duchess of Portsmouth, and by the Duke of Portsmouth in England. It is from that Duke of Richmond that the present duke is descended in a straight line.

United by Marriage. Through the marriage of Lord Wolsingham's son and the Hon. Henry Fowler, to Evelyn, the only daughter of Lord Wrottesley, one of the youngest families of the peerage united by marriage, a connection was created, for Lord Wrottesley can trace his direct and unbroken male descent far back than any other member of the peerage.

Lord Wrottesley, who is now eighty years of age, is Lord President of the Privy Council in the present Liberal administration, and has been the secretary of the House of Commons for many years. He has been his adviser with regard to a number of financial investments, and the trustee of certain funds, including the Duke of Devonshire's. His mother, the late Queen Victoria. The latter made it a practice throughout her reign to have one of her ladies-in-waiting, or her permanent investments, for the care of her securities, and for the management of her personal affairs in general. During the portion of her life it was the late Lord Sydney; later on it was Viscount Cross, a Tory statesman of Cabinet rank, and a close friend of her reign; and, at his suggestion, associated Lord Wolsingham, who was then Sir Henry Fowler, in the duties of her lady-in-waiting. Lord Wolsingham was, and still remains, a confirmed radical, which does not prevent him from being the most conservative of all the King's counselors in every matter relating to his sovereign's investments, and in the management of such of his property as is immune from parliamentary supervision and control.

Lord Wolsingham is the son of a Marquis, and his father, the Marquis of Wolsingham, was a member of the bar, but as a solicitor, and was the first member of that branch of the legal profession to enter the rank of Cabinet minister, just in the same way that he was the first Methodist to ever receive a seat in the Privy Council. The Marquis who can thus away a legislature by means of eloquent oratory and convincing argument is a statesman of no mean order, and it is always strange to me that he should not be more widely known than he is to the people of America.

Others of strong character and powerful individuality, he is possessed of certain idiosyncrasies. One of these is his aversion to riding in a carriage with his face to the horse's tail, and although as Lord President of the Privy Council he is one of the most conspicuous figures in the government, he will insist on sitting with his back

to the horses. This leads to the somewhat awkward spectacle of the back seat of his carriage being either left vacant or else occupied by one of his private secretaries, who designs a ridiculous scene in America as a novel.

There are several other idiosyncrasies of Lord Wrottesley, who is married to the Hon. Evelyn Fowler, a daughter of Lord Wrottesley, one of the youngest families of the peerage united by marriage, a connection was created, for Lord Wrottesley can trace his direct and unbroken male descent far back than any other member of the peerage.

## Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

### Stepfather.

A man marries a woman with children. What relation is a child to children, stepfather or father-in-law? A claims that he can only be called stepfather, and B claims that both are right. It is only by law, through the law that he becomes father to those children. SUBSCRIBER.

What is a comet? 1. What is the magnetic variation now? P. H. L.

1. A comet is a "gaseous, luminous celestial body, moving about the sun in an elliptical orbit, and appearing at 4 degrees 11 minutes west, with an annual change of plus three minutes.

### How to Prepare Pokeberry Root for Sale, Etc.

1. How is pokeberry root prepared for sale? 2. How may an alien become a citizen of the United States? 3. What is the religion of the President of the United States? 4. What Presidents were never married? X. Y. Z.

1. For full information write to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. 2. By properly declaring his purpose of becoming a citizen before a United States District Court, and fulfilling in detail requirements of law. This law is laid down in chapter 253 of the acts of the Fifty-ninth Congress, first session, and in section 2534 of the acts of the second session of the Fifty-ninth Congress. You could send a copy of this law by applying to the clerk of the United States District Court, Richmond, Va. 3. Unitarian. 4. Buchanan was the only President of the United States who was never married.

### A Brief Sketch of Mary Johnston.

1. Please give me a brief sketch of the life of Mary Johnston. 2. Which of her works is considered the best? L. M. H. The following sketch appears in Nelson's Encyclopedia. Opinions differ very much as to which is Miss Johnston's best work. "Mary Johnston, an American writer, was born in an old plantation, near Richmond, Va., in 1870, and received her education at home. She made her permanent residence in Richmond, Va."

to the horses. This leads to the somewhat awkward spectacle of the back seat of his carriage being either left vacant or else occupied by one of his private secretaries, who designs a ridiculous scene in America as a novel. There are several other idiosyncrasies of Lord Wrottesley, who is married to the Hon. Evelyn Fowler, a daughter of Lord Wrottesley, one of the youngest families of the peerage united by marriage, a connection was created, for Lord Wrottesley can trace his direct and unbroken male descent far back than any other member of the peerage.

As for the Wrottesleys, they are a younger branch of the old baronial house of Wrottesley of Alton, and have been in possession of the Manor of Wrottesley, near Wolverhampton, since 1167, when it was enfeoffed by Adam, Abbot of Evesham, to the Wrottesleys, who thereupon assumed the additional name of Wrottesley. One of the Wrottesleys was with Simon de Montfort, another distinguished himself at the battle of Crecy under Edward, the Black Prince, and was one of the original knights of the Garter. A Sir Walter Wrottesley was a conspicuous Yorkist in the War of the Roses, and at the close, Edward IV. munificently rewarded him with a barony, which was confiscated from people who had belonged to the other side. Another Sir Walter Wrottesley fought for Charles I. and was afterwards rewarded by the Commonwealth. The baronetcy which the Wrottesleys held is one of the oldest in existence, and the eighth in the line of descent, and was conferred in the American War of Independence. Although their family is very old, their pedigree is of relatively modern origin, having been created in 1871, in favor of Sir John Wrottesley, who had represented Staffordshire in a number of Parliaments. His grandfather, the second baron, was a man of science, a famous astronomer and founder of the Royal Astronomical Society, as well as president of the Royal Society. The present Lord Wrottesley is his son, and was lord in waiting to the late Queen Victoria, who held him in high esteem.

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## Voice of the People

Communications must not contain anything that would reflect unfavorably on the Government. When this limit is exceeded letters will be returned. No anonymous communications will be accepted. A stamped envelope, with the writer's address, must accompany every communication.

### Creating the "Regulars."

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch: Sir—Your editorial in Monday's issue of your paper, headed "Creating the 'Regulars,'" interested me very much. I am one who is impressed with this most pathetic of all social problems, and brought to mind a story which I experienced in my city. Early in March I spent several days in one of your leading hotels, and one Saturday evening, sitting in a room, I was struck by the spectacle of a steady stream of young men entering from the street between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M. They were dressed in the most disreputable manner, and went in the direction of the saloon, and a gentleman sitting near told me that they were the "regulars," and that they would repeat the performance at numerous other places in the city until they were thoroughly soaked. I then observed that many of them were weak-faced young fellows, and that if they were not so they were certainly not in any business they were certainly on that road.

What struck me with the greatest surprise was their number. Many of them I saw in a single evening at a single hotel, but let me suggest that if there is a responsibility resting upon every member of the community for the conditions which bring about the existence of the "regulars," there are plenty of public charges in one way or another that they would be interested to do. I did not say that they were "regulars," but I saw a couple of hours of a Saturday evening, and watch that stream of young men pouring into the saloon.

I have no intention of discussing any policy, new or old, by which earnest men are seeking to find an effective remedy for the drink curse, but I am animated by this feeling, that in your community, and in fact, in any and every community, there are plenty of people, the best citizens, who, if they will take the trouble to stand and see what is going on, to contemplate it in all its aspects, they will find it will be so tremendously moved, and enough of them will be so moved, that something will be done, a new social condition, and that will be a new and unreasonable lapse of time. It is only necessary to awaken the sense of responsibility. That responsibility is not doubting that if you and I could prevent, or even modify, this wholesale destruction of young men going on in the city, then, sir, you and I may have to answer to Almighty God for the manner in which we have discharged our duty. In its eagerness to discharge this

mond, Miss Johnston's first novel, "The Prisoners of Hope," appeared first as a serial in the Atlantic Monthly, where it attracted much attention. This, and the succeeding novels, "Have and to Hold" (1906) and "Andrey" (1907), were romances of Colonial life in Virginia. She also published "Sis Mortimer" (1904).

### A Girl of Age in Virginia.

When is a girl of age in Virginia, and when has she control of her property—at eighteen or twenty-one? R. A. G.

At twenty-one.

### From Gordonsville to Bristol, Va.

I saw far of Bristol, Va., from Gordonsville. What is the railroad fare? On what roads do you travel and through what places do you go? A. O. H.

An inquiry at a railroad office in your town will secure you this information.

### "The Sun Do Move."

Science tell me where I can obtain a copy of Rev. John Jasper's famous sermon, "The Sun Do Move," by a former resident of Richmond, Va., and had the pleasure of hearing that sermon once, and am very anxious to obtain a copy. P. B. L. This sermon is printed in the biography of John Jasper, issued by the colored paper of this city, soon after his death. Dr. W. W. Brown, a librarian, Richmond, Va., can probably tell you where it may be purchased.

### Pinchot.

Please give correct pronunciation of "Pinchot," formerly our Chief Forester. A READER. The generally accepted pronunciation is Pin-sho, with the accent on the "i." We are informed that Mr. Pinchot pronounces his name, however, as pincho, with the accent on the first syllable.

### "Imported Bellefleur."

I saw imported Bellefleur. While not a pure thoroughbred, yet he was a wonderful performer. In 1820 he trotted two miles in six minutes, and the next year he trotted nine miles in twenty-five minutes. There was no record made where such a record was made, who was the driver, or was Bellefleur under the saddle. This record does not appear in any of the sporting directories in this country.

BENJ. C. MOOMAW.

### Too Many Tag Days?

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch: Sir—In your issue of the 19th inst., you are being most unfortunate, not to say unfair, that after three years of effort to educate the people to the idea that there was no reform within the limits of human possibility. A thousand mistakes in the line of faith and effort to work out a better society, the community would be infinitely preferable to the supreme mistake of a cowardly surrender to an unmitigated and vast evil. I am inaugurated by one willing to assume the responsibility for these alleged mistakes, in preference to the responsibility for the liquor traffic, and inaugurated by one who and the question where is one which I do not think can be carelessly or flippantly dismissed. JUSTICE.

### OUR TRUST POLICY.